Contains notes on Translations
of Spanish Eorgs of Old Colifornia

## Chata Cara de Bule (Bells of the Mesarie)

Charles F. Lurens

Recorded and brancheted by . Transcribed and hermonized by Arthur Farwell

> Vaelve otra vez con tus palabras tiernas. Y veniros a consolar a sute hombre en su aflician: Quien bubiera sobide que tu amor era ilusian, Ay! Fare no heher consentida, ni puesto-te tanto amer.

Bran los scho y media, cuando mi amor te di, Los campanos del Reserie, tecaben a la oracion: The llegando alle Capula, cuando me acorde de ti, Ay: Horrorosa, chata cara de bule, que he de hacer ed te perdi:

Come as of old and with thy words so tender. Come in mercy and console this san afflicted so; Who would ever have dreamed it, that thy love was but a show, Ay!

That he never had consented, no, nor staked such love on thee.

'Twos half past eight in th'evening when I told my love to thee, And the church bolls of the Rosary were sounding the call to prayer; I was just getting to Capula, when I chanced to think of thee, Ay! Oh! my horrid, smub-nosed, dish-face darling, What'll I do if I lose thee!

Es el Amor Mariposa (Sutterfly Love)

Charles F. Laureis

Recorded and translated by Transcribed and harmonized by Arthur Farwell

> Es ol amer mariposa, que a la salida del sol Extiende sus blancas alas, y vuela de flor en flor. Ms el amor un gilguers, que buses su muevo placer Y mamin sus dulces cantos a la primera que ve. Por eso morena mia, cuando te vi,, To dije que se queria, con frenesi. Y si mi negra me dice le que ye ac, Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser. Vamos a ser.

Es el amor como un niño, caprichoso y jugueton, Que por un juguete mevo, desprecia el que le sirvio. En este mundo, paloma, todo pasa ten veloz. Que nos deja sabercando, aquelle que nos siste. Por aso si no te enoja este cantar, Esa tu bogulta roja, abrela ya. I si mi negra me dice le que ye se, Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Love is a butterfly ever, that with the first sunny hour wide opens on snowy pinions, and flutters from flower to flower. Love is the likes of a linnet, that pleasure in novelty greets, And pours out his love-song golden, wherever a Her he meets. And so when I first espied thee, my mut-brown maid, In frenzy of love beside thee, thy love I prayed; And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -Thou'lt sec, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be, Now blest we'll be.

Love is the likes of a baby, capricious and plaything-mad, That, eye, for a newer plaything disprizes the one he had. In this our world, my Paloua, all passes away, and so fast, It leaves in the mouth but savor of sweetness already past. And so, if thou'rt not offended by this my lay, That little rose mouth, bow-bended, open, I pray! And if, Brownic mine, thou sayest one thing to me -Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be, How blest we'll be.

## SPANISH SOLOS

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6.	Chata Cara do Bule	15.	EL	Charro

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La Hamaca

(The Hammock)

Recorded and translated by Transcribed and harmonised by Charles F. Lumis

Aronur Farnell

Tongo mi hamaca tendida, en la orille del mar. Y mi cabaña escondida en medio de un platanal. Sombre me da el bosque, brisa me da el mar, Trinos el consontle, que bollo es amer, Que hella es la vida, meclendo se va. Cual wi hamaca tendina de aqui para alla, de alla para son.

Recuerdos traigo en el alma, que me hacon mucho sufrir. No me les mires con calma, persue me siente el merir. Dalo tu el alivio a mi cruel pener, Calma mi martiria, no me hagas llorar. Ven que entre mis brazos, te quiero arrullar Con el dulce murcullo del agua del mar, del agua del mar.

I have my harmost aswinging, down by the side of the sea. Hidden my cabin to clinging where the benama mows free. Breezes the sea it brings ac, slady's my grove above. Songs the week-hird sings me, Hew levely is level How levely is living! hire sways to its bliss Like my hammock a-giving a rock-a-by that way, rock-aby this.

Memories bear I at heart, leve, sorely I suffer thereby. Treat me not cold and apart, leve, for I as thinking to die, Give me thou the easing here of my hurt so deen, Martyrdom unceasing, 9 make me not weep! Come here to mine arms, love, I'd rock thee to sleep Swaying away to the murmur of lullaby wavelets, waves of the deco.

feel Death very night

El Quelole

The White Hawk

Resorded and translated by Charles F.Lunzis

Pranscribed and harmonized by Arthur Farwell

Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, Died as the morning was breaking;
Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay to his grave he must go.

La Noche (sta Sorena (Sorenade)

Recorded and branslated by Charles F. Lamits

Transcribed and harmonized by Arthur Ferwell

La noche 'sta serona, Tranquillo el aquilon,
Tu dulce sentinela, Te guarda el coraxon.
Y en alas de los mefiros, Que vagan por dequier,
Volando van mis suplicas, A ti, bolla nuger.

De un cor zon que te ana, Recibe el tierno amor;

No sumentas mas la llana, Pi dad de un trobador.

Y si te mueve à lastima, Mi eterno padecer,

Como te amo amama, Bellisima muger.

Oh, as I love thee, loveliast Of women, love me so!

Thy sentinel so tender His watch and ward doth seep.

And on the wings of sephyre soft, That wander how they will,

To thee, my fair one, all to thee, my prayers so flutting still.) Bis

Oh, take this heart to thy heart, His heart that doth adore:

Fan not the fine consuming, That burns t y broubsdour.

And if compassion stir thy breast, For my exernal see,

#### El Capetin (The Rain Song)

Ye soy firme para amarte y constante en el querer, Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando quiere a una mujer!

Con el capetin-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover, Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que será al amanecer. Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover, Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que será al amanecer.

Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando empieza a enamorar, Toma vino, se emborracha, y se acuesta sin cenar.

Con el capotin-, etc.

No me mates, no me mates, con pistola ni puñal, Matame con tus ojitos, e osos labios de coral.

Con el capetin-, etc.

I am bounder for to leve thee, and my constancy I'll show; O the troubles of a fellow when he loves a woman so!

With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain, With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again. With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain, With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.

What hard knocks befall a fellow when he falls in love at sight! Takes to wine and gets befuddled, goes to bed without a bite.

With the capotin-, etc.

Do not kill me, do not kill me, with a pistol or a knife!

Kill me, rather, with thine eyes, love, with those red lips
take my life.

With the capotin-, etc.

Note. The capotin is the characteristic Mexican rain-cape, a thatch of leaves around the shoulders; very ancient. This is one of the hest of the onomatopoetic songs of Spanish-America.

Chata Cara de Bule

(Bells of the Rosario)

Recorded and translated by Charles y. Largus

Transcribed and harmonized by Arthur Farwell

Vuelve otra vez con tus palabras tiornas, Y vendras a consolar a este hombre en su aflicion; Quien hubiera sabido que tu amor era ilusion, Ay! Para no haber consentida, ni pueste-te tanto amor.

Eran los ocho y media, cuando mi amor te di,
Los campanos del Rosarlo, tocaban a la oracion;
Iba llegando alla Capula, cuando me acorde de ti, Ay!
Norrorosa, chata cara de bulc, que he de hacer si
te perdi!

Come as of old and with thy words so tender,

Come in mercy and console this man afflicted so;

Who would ever have dreamed it, that thy love was but a show, Ay:

That he never had consented, no, nor staked such love on thee.

'Twas half past eight in th'evening when I told my love to thee,
And the church bells of the Rosary were sounding the call to prayer;
I was just getting to Capula, when I chanced to think of thee, Ay!
Oh! my horrid, snub-nosed, dish-face darling, What'll I do if I lose thee!

Pena Hucen

(A Teamster's Sonm)

Charles F. Lummis

Recorded and translated by Transcribed and hermonized by Arthur Farwell

> Fena de aquel corre alte, Donde mi apada pasa la vida, Doude estará la conscatida, ay! Peña Hueca, no me vayas e olvidar.

Si estoy despiorte, to estoy mirande, 62 estoy Cormide, to estoy soffendo: Siempre la junte endande, ay! Peña Bucca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Cliff of that lefty mountain, Where she my loved one doth dwell contented, There, where she is that hath consented, ay! Peña Hucca, O forget me nevermore.

When I am waking, I see thy seeming, When I am sleeping, of thee I'm dreaming; E'er with my oxen teaming, ay! Peña Rucca, O forget me nevermore.

Note: Pone Succe, a tiny Mexican hamlet named after the peculiar cliff behind it. (Pena, "cliff"; Musca, "hollow", or "cave".) Pronounced Pain-ya Way-ca.

Mi Zanatero

The Shoesaker

Recorded and translated by Charles F. Lands

Transcriped and harmonized by Arthur Parcell

Yo le dije a un zapatero
Qué as hiciera unos zapatos,
Con el piquito redendo
Como los tienen los patos.

Some se enguño!

For hiso los zarabos

Y el piquito no!

I appea to a shoesever

For to make me a pair of shoeses,

With the toes all nicely rounded

Like a duck's bill or a gooses.

Confound that old shoemaker, \\
How he fooled te, though!

He made to up the shoeme, \\
But not the duck-bill toe!

Bis

#### La Primavera (In Springtime)

Ta viene la primavera, sembrando flores, sembrando flores, ay, ay! Y ya les campos se equaltan de mil colores, le mil colores. Canton las aves, canton los aves, Los oteros repitam sus trinos suaves, sus trinos suaves.

To me mires que non viron que nes miranes, que nos mirenes, ay, ay! I mirandenes se dice que nos amenos, que nos amenos. No nos miremos, no nos miremos, Que cuendo no nos miren, nos pararemos, nos miraremos.

De sepulcro en sepulcro voy preguntanto, voy preguntando, sy, sy: Si allí mora elgan alma que murió amando, que murió amando. Respondió me una, respondió me una: "De mujeros millaron, de lossero ulomano, de hombro mineuma."

Now counth the springtime tender, atl flowers sowing, wild flowers sowing, ag, ag:

And now are the fields a-splender, all colors glowing, all colors

Bird sungs are ringing, bird songs are ringing, 211 the hills of the valley other birds singing, cohe their singing.

lye me not for they are exing us, and they see us eye, see us eye-

And oyeing at us they're saying that we are wing, yes, lovers' eyeing.

Now they are spying, now they are spying, Then their eyes are not on us, then we'll be eyeing, then we'll be eyeing.

From grave unto grave I make my way, tapping, asking each, asking, proving, my, ay!

Is any soul here, I wonder, that aied of loving, died just of loving?

One answered candid, one answered candid, "Women, yes, by ten thousands, never her did!"

Recorded and branslated by .......

Transcribed and harmonized by

Quiero a mi Papa y no es brons, Por que es hombra muy formal, Ella me hace deligar Si a la ventana se asoma.

Y toma, y toma; Dase en bu pico, paloma,

Un granito de tu sal. Valos mas que el mundo entere,

Ay! selono, won ees.

Con la mueca que me hace Y al ojito que as guiña.

Y toma, y toma; Dane en tu pico, palema,

Un granito de te con. Vales mas que el vunco estero.

Ay! malore, you aca.

No hay obra hembra on Sevilla De mas range y mas mendo,
Ni de tanto zarandoo Como tiene mi Pepilla.
Y chilla, y chilla: Por Dios, nina, no me riñas,
Ni me hagas enfadar, Valce mas que el mundo entero,
Ay! salero, ven aca.

I have Peps and that a no story, For ohe is a dame of honor,
Sets we wild to gave apon her At her case ent in her glory.
And take it, yea, <u>long:</u> Put me up thy beak, Palma,
And it's Attic salt, a see! Phon art worth the world's completeness,
Salt of sysotness, come to he!

I am harder than the grantie And by Pers has he crumbled, Making mouths to keep me humbled, And herlittle this began it.

And take it, yes, toma: Put me up thy beak, Palona,

And its Attic salt, i weelThous art worth the world's completeness,

Not a Came in all Sevilla of made quality nor bristor,
Nor so lovely, lively a fristor As by very and Popilla.

Salt of assetness, come to me.

The s barding, and barding, Foodness, Siri, he done with warding, ford not all gradings and barding, worth the world's completeness,

### de ol Amor Haripten (Dutterfly Nove)

Potended and translated by . Charles W. Lurmis

Transcribed and Marmonized by Arthur Ferwell

Me ol amor maripose, que a la salida del sol Intiende sus l'incus alas, y vuela de flor en flor. Es el amor un gliquere, que busca su nuevo placar Y panéa sus delces camtos a la primera que ve. Por cos morena mia, cuando te vi,, Te dije que te queria, con frenesi. Y si mi negra me dice le que ye se, Veras, veras que felices vames a ser, vames a ser.

To el amor como un niño, capricheso y jugueton, que por un jugueto nuevo, despreche el que le sirvio. En este nundo, paloma, todo pasa tan veloz. Que nos deja saboreande, aquallo que nos gusté. Por ese si ne se enoja este enutar. Esa tu boquita roja, abrela ya. Y si mi vegra me dice lo que ye se, Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos e ser.

Love is a butterfly ever, that with the first sunny hour tide opens on enougy pinisms, and flutters from flower to flower. Love is the likes of a limet, that pleasure in novelty greets, and pours out his love-song golden, wherever a Her he meets. And so when I first espied thee, my nut-brown maid, in frenzy of love beside thee, thy love I prayed; and if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me - Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be, now blest we'll be.

Love is the likes of a baby, capricious and plaything-mad, That, aye, for a newer plaything disprizes the one he had. In this our world, my Paloma, all passes away, and so fast, It leaves in the mouth but savor of sweetness already past. And so, if then'rt not offended by this my lay, That little rese mouth, bew-bended, open, I gray! And if, Brownie mine, then sayest one thing to me - Then'lt see, then wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be, How blest we'll be.

La Magica Mujer (The Witch) L. C.

Charles F. Tavenis

Recorded and translated by Transcribed and har entred by Arthur Pervell

> Unu linda y magica mujer Me encente com selo su mirar, ils vision o no so que, O es tam solo un angol sin igual.

Con un boso ardiente que me dia Con sug labios de caral me mate, me mate; ly, y Sodito su mor a mi me entrone To the traces ye tenás reclimada a mi 'aria.

Yen-te mina, ven-te, ye quiere darte Besos mil y mil, (no ol que be adora siompre sera Tuyo para tl.

She's a witch, the queen of witchery, She that snared me only with her eye. Is't a dream that raptured mo, Or is't a poerious angel from the sky?

In one hiss endearing how she thrilled,
Of the coral of her lips I was tilled, I was killed:
Ayo, the full of her dove to me she freely willed.
In my arms I held my Mary, held my fleiding, clinging fairy.
To my heart? Lands my fair, caught their my mage homy. Come, O maiden, to me, countless of kisses All my own to be. Thine and addring over am I, Thine and vowed to thee.

## The Kind Moarted Boss ..

Rocar	wert '	and	-translated	1537	
(.* '. *	Char	Les	F. Gamerate		

Transcribed and barmonized by Arthur Farwell

Bis

	·	
	Estaba un charro sonta e, En las trancas de un corral;	) B1 s
	Su dayordone le dice, "No estes trinte, Nicolas."	Bis
	Nocosito buen o ballo, Buena silla y buen gaban;	Bla
	S. mayordome le dice, "Lo que guetos, Nicolas."	31.3
	Ess chies que usted tione, Con clim se he de casar;	B1 3
	Su mayardono le dies, "Tiene dueño, Nicolas."	Bis
	Nicolas se deset org, y to quiere despair mount	Bia
	Su mayordamo le dice, "De cabeza, Micolos. 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18	Bis
	A lonely coversor was so why, On the ol correleber slick;	Зіз
,	His bose he never says nothin', But, "We, don't be growing, Mich."	31 s
	I need a good hose and saddle, that a slicker, 'n' t want 'on cuick.	Bis
	His boss he never anya nothin, Bat, " t ever you say, Mich."	Bis
	And thet little timent sheeter, She is just the wife I'd wick.	Bis
	His boas he never says nothin', Baly, "She is spoke for, Mich."	3 <b>1</b> s
	Then Hick gets assirte resay, To jump over the chiff right quick.	31 s

Hus boss he never says nothin', Only, "Do it head-first, Nick!"

(Parotell, Formall, our facing)

Recorded and trustated by Charles F. Lucais

Transcribed and harmonized by Arthur Farsell

Adios, adios amoses, Adios porque me ausanto,

Por tento sentimiento Que tu me has dado a mi.

Por eso ya no quiero Apar mas en las vida;

A mi patria querida la voy a rebirar.

Tu prometos dulmuras, Y solo des pasares; Lagrimas a millares Se derracan por ti. Y de tu cruel santa ha herida es curada. No mas sacrificada, Veras si libertad.

Desconsuelos y penta, Angastias y dolores A tus adoradores No mas les sabes dar. Por eso ya no quiero, Anar mas en la vida; A mi patria querida, Me voy a retisar.

Fire all, fire force to the force of the transfer of the state of the

Thou asserted to bring awadeness, Thou bringest corrow only,
A million to read and lonely, Are falling aye for thee.

Thy cruel arrow's ounding Is healed to hart no longer;
Thoul't see no free and stronger, No more a slave to thee.

Disconsolate replains, Alas, and sorres o'er thee,
To them that so adore thee, Tis all thou know's to live.
In love, while life shall linger, To more I shall be falling;
My native land is calling And the ther I must floo.

Corrections for the Engraver - Song: La Primaveru.

I am not sure whether the mistake was caught in copy 
The second line of the second verse of the translation should read:

And eyeing at us they're saying the t we are eyeing, yes, lovers' eyeing,

I find a copy in which the error was made of using the word "making" instead of cycing.

### Corrections for Engraver - Song: La Barquillera

2nd And 3rd verses, both of text and translation, should be transposed. To make it perfectly clear, I have clipped and pasted a copy in the proper order.

Corrections for Engraver - Song: Adios, Adios, Amores.

Change sub-title to (Farewell, O love, forever.)

In the <u>first</u> verse of the translation, make the <u>first</u> two lines read:

Farewell, 0 love, forever! Farewell, for I must sever From all the sorrows ever That thou hast given to me. Corrections for the Engraver - Song: La Hamaca.

Last verse, second line, correct it to read:

Treat me not cold and apart, love, for I feel Death very nigh.

### Corrections for Engueron - Jon: The Agina Lajor."

Oben o sub-title "(the liter)" to read (the enchantress)"

Pollow original copy to verse:

of the cord of her lips I was killed, I was killed.!

Okengo the next the lines to read:

"Ayo, the full of her faith to me she freely willow -To my heart I caught my fairy, saught and held up megic Hory." Remainder of song without change. Il Capoting

Yo soy firme para amarte y constante en el querer, Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando quiere a una mujer!

Con el capetin-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llever, Con el capetin-tin-tin-tin que será al amanecer. Con el capetin-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llever, Con el capetin-tin-tin-tin que será al amanecer.

Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando empieza a enamerar, Toma vino, se emborracha, y se acuesta sin cenar.

Con el capotin-, etc.

No me mates, no me mates, con pistola ni puñal, Matame con tus ojitos, o esos labies de coral.

Con el capetin-, etc.

I am bounden for to love thee, and my constancy I'll show; I the troubles of a fellow when he loves a woman so!

With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain, With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again. With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain, With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.

what hard imocks befall a fellow when he falls in love at sight! Takes to wine and gots befuddled, goes to bed without a bite.

With the capotin-, etc.

Do not kill me, do not kill me, with a pistel or a knife!
Kill me, rather, with thine eyes, love, with those red lips
take my life.

With the capotin-, etc.

Note. The capetin is the characteristic Mexican rein-cape, a thatch of leaves around the shoulders; very ancient. This is one of the best of the onomatopoetic songs of Spanish-America.

The White Haust

Recorded and translated of .....

Transcribed and termonised by

La Hamnes

(The Hammock)

Recorded and translated by Transcribed and harmonized by Charles F. Lummis

Arthur Farrell

Tengo mi hamace tendida, en la orilla del mar. I mi cabaña escondada en medie de un platanal. Sombroune da el bosque, brisa me da el mar, Trinos al consontle; que bello es amor, Sue helle es la vida, meciendo se va. Cual mi hamaca tendida de aqui para alla, de alla mara aca.

Recuerdos traigo en el alma, que me hacen mucho sufrir. No me los mires con calma, porque me siento el morir. Dale tu el alivio a mi cruel ponar, Caima mi martirio, no me hagas llorar. Ven que entre mis brazos, te quiero arrullar Con el dulce murmullo del agua del mar. del agua del mar.

I have my harmock aswinging, down by the side of the sea. Midden my cabin is clinging where the banana grows free. Breezes the sea it brings me, shady's my grove above, Songs the mock-bird sings me, how lovely is love! How lovely is living! Life aways to its bliss Like my hammock a-giving a rock-a-by that way, rock-aby this.

Memories bear I at heart, love, sorely I suffer thereby. Treat me not cold and apart, love, for I am thinking to die. Give me thou the easing here of my hurt so deep, Martyrdom unceasing, O make me not weep! Come here to mine arms, love, I'd rock thee to sleep Swaying away to the nurmur of lullaby wavelets, waves of the deep.

#### im Primavera (In Springtime)

Y ya los campos se esmaltan de mil colores, de mil colores. Centan las avez, cantan las aves, Los oteros regitan sus trinos suaves, sus trinos suaves.

No me mires que nos miren que mos miramos, que nos miramos, ay, ay: Y mirandonos se dice que nos amamos, que nos amamos. No nos miremos, no nos miremos, Que cuando no mos miren, nos miraremos, nos miraremos.

De sepulcro en sepulcro voy preguntando, voy preguntando, ay, cy! Si alli mora algum alma que murid amando, que murid amando. Respondió me una, respondió me una: "De majores millares, de hombre minguna, de hombre minguna."

Now cometh the springtime tender, wild flowers sowing, wild flowers sowing, ay, ay!

And now are the fields a-splender, all colors glowing, all colors glowing.

Bird songs are ringing, bird songo are ringing.
All the hills of the valley cohe their singing, echo their singing.

Eye me not for they are exing us, and they see us eyeing, ay, ay:

And oyeing at us they're saying that we are making, yes, lovers' eyeing.

Now they are spying, now they are spying, then their eyes are not on us, then we'll be eyeing, then we'll be eyeing.

From grave unto grave I make my way, tapping, asking each, asking, proving, ay, ay!

Is any soul here, I wonder, that died of loving, died just of leving?

One answered caudid, one answered candid, ""onen, yes, by ten thousands, never a man did!"

#### Peña Hucca

(A Toamster's Sone)

Charles F. Lammis

Recorded and translated by Transcribed and hermonized by Arthur Farwell

> Peña de aquel cerro alto. Donde mi anada pasu la vida, Donde estará la consentida, ay! Pella Mueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Si estry despicato, to estry mirando. Si estoy formido, te estoy soffango; Siempre la yunta andande, ay! Peña Hucca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Cliff of that lefty mountain, Where she my loved one doth dwell contented, There, where she is that hath consented, ay! Peña Hucca, O forgot me nevermore.

When I am waking, I see thy seeming, When I am sleeping, of thee I'm dreaming; E'er with my exen teaming, my! Peda Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

Note: Peffe Hueca; a tiny Mexican hamlet named after the peculiar cliff behind it. (Peffe, "cliff": Hueca, "hollow", or "cave".) Pronounced Pain-ya Way-ca.

# in inche foi der un Turcadoi

Recurried and around the brooks

Franscribed and humanities by Arthur Fursell

El mode 'sta 'corena, Eranquille el aquilon,

Na alma arminala, le pando el coreres.

Y de Arm de les modires, Que vagen per dequier,

Volundo van mis suplicus, A M., balla nuger, [ ] Bis o

De un cor kon que te ama, Roelbo wl Mierro duor;
To vamentas das la Mana, Pidesi de un trobador.

Vidi te maeye à l'actima, Mi eterno vadecar,

Como te amo amemer, Bollisina auger.

Thy contined so tomics II wetch we want with the .

Ind on the wings of reply stacts, That wonder how they will.

To thee, my Fair one, all to thee, My prayers to fluttiring still.

On, thre this heart to the heart, His heart that doth adore:

Fun not the flow a consuming, That bares they troubstour.

And if comessing the bly weart, for a chornel on,

Oh, as I love thee, lavellest if work, toy as we!

# Adina, 'Ales, thres (Parevell, Parevell, Our Leviss)

Recorded and to unlated by Charles P. Januara

Transcriber and heresaland by

Adica, adico amores, Adica porque de ausento,

Por truto sentimiento Que tu de has dado a di.

Por ese ya no quiero Amar ans en las vida;

A di patria querida No vey a retir de.

Tu prometos aulturas, Y solo das peatres: Jagrieas a miliaros Se dorromen por bl. Y de tu crest santa la horida da curada. No mas sacrificada, Voras mi libertad.

Desconsuelos y penas, Angustino y deleres

A tus adepateres de sas les sabes dur.

Por ese ya no quiero, Amar mas en la vida;

A si patria querida, se voy a retimar.

The olf, forestell, one leving: Farewell for I and sever from the block spin to ever find then have given to e.

In love, while like shall linger, We more I shall be falling;

'y a tive land to colling but thither I meet flee.

Thou average to being a methods, The bringer a compact only, A dillion source and lonety, Are fulling up for them.
The area arres a counting Is healed to burt no loner;
The all a see no see and strong a, No compact to be thee.

Disconsolate rectains, than, and corrow of or those,

To them that so alone were, his all them know of to give.

In love, while life deal linger, No some I shall be falling:

native tand is calling and the them I am to floo.

( the Girl and the Whorry !

Recorded and translated by Churles 7. Dunts

Transcrib in around by Arthur Furnach

En un dilletoso puerto, De verde y fresca erilla,
En una fragit barquilla, Vas tarde me embarque.
Y la bormena barquillara, de cesaba, no conaba de bogur,
Y entre tento que bogaba, suspiraba con acer.

En una fragil barguilla, Una barde no ambarque.

A poulliera, and so at the contract of the contract of brown, Suelta el rego y ven a min brazes, Y no bouse neufragar.

For un deliciose puerto, he worde y frence exilla, ...

En una fragil barquilla, una terde me embarque.

Doja, nica, que ye mico, fero ra la deles escues esta esta esta.

Que asi y n mi. ess suprise, "Il sorrible ter labad.

All in a delicious port, Oh, did freely poor shares a corry,

All in a delicious port, Oh, did freely poor shares as corry,

All in a delicious port, Oh, did freely poor shares as corry,

in a freit thithe morry, On an evening I at the sea.

ur mars there, o' ther headle, For it alvoice we, the monder way you for a ure and four to my arms, have, And four thou not ship-wreek so.

to whorry, in an evening I but to sea.

the coing, in a terest will to thee.

## The Kind Hearted Boss

Re else de la la de la	e* * e
Massas in C. Ann & 185 , in the Sample of the American	i i
Su agrama to the Mary "IT second but he, "the Leav"	1 328
ີ່ ໃຫ້ເຂົ້າ ເຄົາ ເຄື່ອງ ໂດຍ ເປັນ ກ່ຽນການ ສູ່ ການ ເປັນ ກ່ຽນການ ເ	31
To my when to its its , in the station, thouse,	) 31 p
Man chies que untod tione, Com olla no he de omsar;	31.3
<b>જૈદ</b> સ્કુલ્લાલ ઉપાસ છે. તે તે તે કે	31.3
Micolas so deseasors, y so sulere desburrinou:	3 313
Su mayordoso le dice, "De cabesa, Nicolas.	) 318
	,
A kerroly on a line was to draw, on the locate above all ok;	32.0
The boundary of a control of a state of the section	) 31a
I mould a go to those and maddie, that a salt character, it is not interpreted.	) 72s
The book in a synthetic of the control of the contr	A Ma
And that little statule chorbers, The just the tide tide too.	313
Mir boss by normal sign applied, Only, "Cale in spone for, Mere"	) "胜3
Let gota was hos ready, to just you the chief right quick.	1 310
nover says cothist, Only, "No 15 how-first, High!"	) 313

1 31 3

Fil Zanatere

The Bloomakor

Reverded and arms 1 by 1 by Control of the Control

Transcribed ... i.r. dans by Archar Fursell

Yo le dije a un sapatero

Que le l'altre made se at e,

Con al miquite redondo

Cono los thosen has pates.

Malings of sameone,

Come we cognid:

chinal actions

Mel piguto no!

I space to a shoomaker

For to make me a pair of shoomes,

With the toes all nicely rounded

Like a cucata of the recease.

Confound that old showner,

Now he fooled se, though:

No made he we the shooses,

But not the hash-bill too!

La Magica Mujer (The Witch)

Charles F. Luggis

Recorded and translated by Transcribed and harmonized by Arthur Farwell

> Una linda y magica mujer Ne encanto con solo su marar, Us vision o no se que, 8 es tan sole un augel sin igual.

Con un beso ardiente que me die Con sus labios de coral me mato, me mato; Ay, y todita su amor a mi me entrege En mis brazos yo tenia reclinada a mi Maria.

Ven-te niña, ven-te, ye quiere darte Besos mil y mil. Que el que te adora sicapre será Tuys para ti.

Sho's a witch, the queen of witchery, She that shared me only with her eye. Is't a dream that raptured me, Or is't a poerless angel from the sky?

In one kiss endearing how she thrilled, Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed; Aye, the full of her love to me she freely willed. In my arms I held my Mary, held my yielding, clinging fairy.

Come, 9 maiden, to me, countless of kisses All my own to be. Thine and adoring ever am I, Thine and vowed to thee.

no mod . a soldon by

description of the second recting

Quiero a mi Popary no sa brown, Por que da hosbra auy formul. Ella se hace delleur Si a la ventana só asour I toma, y tomai Dame en La pico, polome. Un granito do tu sal. Vales cas que el mando ontero,

Ay! salaro, von aca.

Soy was duro que una peña, " of Pope de deshuce,

Con la succa que me hece Y el ojito que de guina.

T toma, y toma; Dans en su pice, paloua,

de granito o se se. " e ano pie m un concert,

. אל מונ מים, אים ממנ.

He hay our checkers on Sevilla De was range y was zoneo,
Hi de tento zer judeo Como tiene mi Pepilla.
Y chille, y chilla: Por Dies, nina, no mo riman,
il ne hajes ouf mar, Tolos and me el munio attento,
Ari sul po, you me.

The company was blue and a samp, For the fare of honor, the company of the compan

The hunder Show and or note And by Maraham to ore blad,

Taking mouths to reen no mulbird, And her histig wink began it.

And take it, year, weel to up thy bout, Pale a.

And tak Attic was, a see! Thous and worth the porta! complete was,

Not a dyna in all Swills of the anilog our oric or, Nor as levely, lively a frist r Ar ay very agent Perilla.

Bult of a southers, come we we

She's basting, and basting; Goodness, girl, he done with brasting, And not always disagree! Thou art worth the world's completeness,

Chata Cara de Bule (Bells of the Roserio)

Charles p. Lummis

Recorded and translated by Pranscribed and harmonized by Arthur Farwell

> Vuelve otra vez con tus palabras tiernas, Y vendras a concolar a este hombre en su aflicion; Quien hubiera sabido que tu amor era ilusion, Ay! Para no haber consentida, ni puesto-te tanto amor.

Bran los ocho y media, cuando mi omor te di, Los campanos del Rosaria, tocaban a la oracion; Iba llegando alla Capula, cuando me acorde de ta, Ay: Horrorosa, chata cars de bule, que he de hacer si to perdi!

Come as of old and with thy words so tender, Come in mercy and console this wan afflicted so; The would ever have dreamed it, that thy love was but a show, hy!

That he never had consented, no, nor staked such love on thee.

'Twas half past eight in th'evening when I told my love to thee, And the church bells of the Rosary were sounding the call to prayer; I was just getting to Capula, when I chanced to think of thee, Ay! 9h! my horrid, snub-nosed, dish-face darling, What'll I do if I lose thee!

# Ml Capotin

Yo soy firme para amarte y constante en el querer, que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando quiere a una mujer!

Con el capetin-tin-tin-tin que esta moche va llover, Con el capetin-tin-tin-tin que será al amanecer.

Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que esta neche va llever,

Con el capetin-tin-tin-tin que será al amenecer.

Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando empieza a enamorar, Toma vino, se emborracha, y so acuesta sin cenar.

Con el capotin-, etc.

No me mates, no me mates, con pistola ni puñal, Matame con tus ojitos, o esos labios de caral.

Con el capatin-, etc.

I am bounden for to love thee, and my constancy I'll show; O the troubles of a fellow when he loves a roman so:

With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain, With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again. With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain,

With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.

What hard knocks befall a fellow when he falls in love at sight: Takes to wine and gets befuddled, goes to bed without a hite.

With the capotin-, etc.

Do not will me, do not will me, with a pistol or a wnife!
Will me, rather, with thine eyes, love, with those red lips
take my life.

With the capotin-, etc.

Note. The capetin is the characteristic Mexican rain-cape, a thatch of leaves around the shoulders: very ancient. This is one of the best of the enomatopeetic songs of Spanish-America.

### . . The White Hami:

Charles F. Lumeis

Recorded and translated by Pranscribed and hurshalted by . Arthur Phrwell

> El Quelele se murto, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, A las bres de la munana: Il Queleke se murio, ay, ay, ay, ar, ay, Y la llevan a enterrar.

> Tres dragones y un caro, ay, ay, ay, ay, Y of mato de sacristan. Y los Queleles chiquitos, ay, ay, ay, ay, YN se martan de liorar.

> Papa Quelsle has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, Died as the morning was breaking; Papa Quelèle has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, Now to his grave he must go.

Three dragoons and a corp ral, sy, sy, sy, sy, sy, fru-cat for a proristant too. And the try quileles, ay, ay, ay, ay, Cay thus to death in Meir me.

## La Primavera (In Springtime)

Ya viene la primavera, sembrando flores, sembrando flores, ay, ay! Y ya los campos se esmaltan de mil colores, de mil colores. Cantan las aves, cantan las aves, Los oteros repitan sus trinos suaves, sus trinos suaves.

No me mires que nos miren que nos miramos, que nos miramos, ay, ay: Y mirandonos se dice que nos anamos, que nos anamos. No nos miremos, no nos miremos, Que cuando no nos miren, nos miraremos, nos miraremos.

de sepulero en sepulero voy preguntando, voy preguntando, ay, ay: Si allí mora algun elma que murió amendo, que murió amando. Respondió me una, respondió me una: "De mujeres millares, de hombre ninguna, de hombre ninguna."

Now cometh the springtime tender, will flowers sowing, wild flowers sowing, ay, ay!

And now are the fields a-splendor, all colors glowing, all colors glowing.

Eye me not for they are ening us, and they see us eye. see us eye-ing, ay, ay!

And eyeing at us they're saying that we are making, yes, lovers' eyeing.

Now they are saying, now they are spying, when their eyes are not on us, then we'll be eyeing, then we'll be eyeing.

From grave unto grave I make my way, tapping, asking each, asking, proving, ay, ay!

Is any soul here, I wender, that died of loving, died just of loving?

One answered candid, one answered candid, "Yomen, yes, by ten thousands, never and did!" Never a man did!"

Peña Hueca

(A Teamstor's Song)

Recorded and translated by Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by Arthur Farwell

Peña de aquel corro alto,

Donde mi amada pasa la vida,

Ponde estará la consentida, ay!

Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Si estoy despierto, te estoy mirando, Si estoy dormido, te estoy soffando; Siempre la yunta andando, ay! Peffa Hucca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Cliff of that lofty mountain,
Where she my loved one doth dwell contented,
There, where she is that hath consented, ay!
Peña Hucca, O forget me nevermore.

When I am waking, I see thy seeming,
When I am sleeping, of thee I'm dreaming;
E'cr with my oxen teaming, ay!
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

Note: Pena Hueca, a tiny Mexican hamlet named after the peculiar cliff behind it. (Pena, "cliff"; Hueca, "hollow", or "cave".)
Pronounced Pain-ya Way-ca.

La Noche fabi Serena (Serenado)

Recorded and threal shed by Charles T. Law is

Passeribed and hermonized by Arthur Firesll

Li noche 'Ata Serena, Tranquillo el aquilen, Tu dulce sentinela, le guardo el corenen. Y ed alua de los sefires, Que vagua por acquier,

Volumie van mie supliere, d Mi, beile vager. ) Bis

No am our son que te ann, Recibe of thempo aron;
No amoutas das la livra, Pi dad de un spobador.
Y si te mueve à l'astima, Mi oberne padecer,
Como te ano amazer, Mellioina mager.

Thy southed to be mer ill watch and ward do be keep.

Indoor the stage of zonigrs soft, That suder is they sit;

To thee, my first one, all to thee, by requestionable adore:

Oh, take this names to thy he pt, ill so the suder.

For any the first constains, That borns to implicate.

And if comparation stir thy oresat, for my emeral see,

Oh, as I love thee, loveliant if semen; love is it.

Adiou, Milos, Appres (Farewell, Farewell, Our Coving)

Recented and the elited by Charles F. Marks

Parcett . v. har onized by

Adios, adios amores, Adios porque se ausento, Por tanto sentimiento Que tu ne has dado a si. Por eso ya se quiero Amer ena se las vida; A ad patria querida Ne voy a retirar.

Tu prometes dulzuras, Y solo dus pasares: Lagrinas a millares So derrama por ti. Y de su eruci saeta ha herida es curvia. No mas sacrificada, Veras mi libertad.

Desconsuelos y penna, Abgustins y delores A tus adoradores la mas les sabes dar. ... Por eso y uno quiero, Antre la sa la vicus A lai patria quer d., la voy a religor.

Fire ell, farenell, our loying! Paremeth for I mu t sever From all the west foreyor That thou has div'n to be. In love, while life shall hinger, We more I shall be falling: By a tive land to calling And thither I had flee.

tours and locality, No horo a slive to thee.

The and stronger, No horo a slive to thee.

ties, and corrow o'er thes,
ties, The all then know'st to give.
All linger, To wors I shall be falling;
alling And this ther I must flee.

(The Cirl and the Wierry)

Recorded to translate. by Transer by the month of by Charles F. Lands

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresea orilla,
Ha una frágil barquilla, Una tarde se embarque.
Y la hermosa barquillera, No cesaba, un cesaba de bogar,
Y sobre tanto que bogaba, Suapiraba con amor.

En una delicione puerto, de verde y fronce orilla,
En una fragil barquilla, Una tardo no embarque.
Barquillera, auglia el remo, que me altera la manera de bogar,
Suelta el remo y ven a mis brazos, Y no toras amafragar.

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so serry,

All in a frail listle wherry, On an evening I put to sea.

And the lovely, sailor inste, seem consing rowed any points the bide,

But forever as she was recipe, with love she is hed and sighed.

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,

All in a frail little sherry, On an evening I put to sea.

Drop your wars there, sailor laceto, For it disside me, the sender

may you row;

Drop your cars and to e to my mans, love, And for thou not

ship-wreck so.

All in a delicious port, Oh, with from green shores so serry,

Tenve it, less, that I may watch it, How the found is ble ing snewy out to sea.
For it's so my thought are soing, In a temperat wild to thee.

. All in : frail little wherry, On an evening I gut to sea.

### The Eind Hearted Boss ..

Reported and translated by Transported and harmanized by Chartes P.Luzzis 19 Arthur Farwell	
Astaba un charro sontado. En las trancas de un correi:	i ) His
Su mayordomo le dice, "No estes triste, Vicolas."	eis
Nucceito buen c ballo, Buona silla y buen gaban;	Bis
S mayordomo le dico, "Lo que guater, Nicoles."	Bis
Rea chica que usted these, Con ella no hé de casar:	Bia
Su mayordone le dice, "Tione queño, Micolas."	132.16
Micolis na Coron - Fa, y : w ore Cenham madr)	Bis
Su mayordono le dice, "De cabeza, Micolas."	818
A lonely com-punches was moping, On the old commal-was aligh;	Bls
His base he now rungs notated, But, "Ar, con't be grounding, thek."	31.0
I need a good hose sed saddle, And a shicker, 'a' I mant 'en ouick. )	35.3
His boss be never says nothin; dut, "wat ever you day, Nich."	
The House are moved, some the many and a second a second and a second	1,32 -3
And that little biscuit shooter, See a just the wife I'd Mck.	Bis
His boss he never says nothin', Only, "She is spoke for, Mich."	Bis
Then lick note near ready, To jump over the eliff right quick.	31.5

He sous ou never says nothin', only, "Do it head-first, Wick!"

1 Bis

Mi Zapatero

The Shosmaker

Recorded and translated by Charles F.Lumis

Transcribed and hereodized by

Yo le dije a un zapatoro
Que me hictora unos zamatos,
Com el piquito redondo
Como los tienen los patos.

Maihaja el zapatero, Como ne engaño: Me hiso los zerasos Y el piquite so:

131 8

Topole to a shoometer

For to make we a pair of shoomet,
With the boes all alcely rounded.

Made a duck's bill or a gooses.

for the forled of thought ;

The take to up the shoeses,

But not the decampill too!

Bis

La Marica Mujer (The Witch)

Recorded and translated by Transcribed and harmonized by Charles F. Lumnis Arthur Farwell

Una linda y magica mujer Ne encante con selo su mirar, De vision o ne se que, U es tan solo un angel sin igual.

Con un beso ardiente que me dió Con sus labios de coral me mato, me mato; Ay, y todito su amor a mi me entrego En mis brazos yo tenía reclinada a mi Maria.

Ven-te niña, ven-te, yo quiero darte Desos mil y mil, Que el que te adora siempre será Tuyo para ti.

She's a witch, the queen of witchery, She that emared me only with her eye. Is't a aream that raptured me, Or is't a peerless angel from the sky?

In one kiss endearing how she thrilled, Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed; Aye, the full of her love to me she freely willed. In my arms I held my Mary, held my yielding, clinging filry.

Come, 0 maiden, to me, countless of kinses All my own to be. Third and adoring ever am I, Third and vowed to thee.

### Es el Amor Mariposa (Rutterfly Love)

Charles F. Lumists

Recorded and translated by Transcribed and harmonized by Arthur Farwell

> Es el amor mariposa, que a la salida del sol Extiende sus blancas alas, y vuela de flor en flor. Es el amor un gilguero, que busca su nueve placer I manda sus duices cantos a la primera que ve. Por ese merene mia, cuando te vi,, To dije que te querla, con frenesi. Y si mi negra mo dice lo que yo se, Veras, veras que folices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Es el amor como un miño, caprichose y jugueton, Que por un juguete nuevo, desprecia el que le sirvio. Sn este mundo, paloma, todo pasa tan veloz. Que nos deja saborcando, aquello que nos gusto. Por ese si no te eneja este cantar, Esa tu boquita roja, abrela ya. I si mi negra me dice lo que yo se, Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Love is a butterfly ever, that with the first sunny hour Wide opens on snowy pinions, and flutters from flower to flower. Love is the likes of a linnet, that pleasure in novelty greets, And pours out his love-song golden, wherever a Her he meets. And so when I first espied thee, my nut-brown maid, In fronzy of love beside thoe, thy love I prayed; And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -Thou'It see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be, How blest we'll be.

Love is the likes of a baby, capricious and plaything-mad, That, aye, for a never plaything disprizes the one he had. In this our world, my Paloma, all passes away, and so fast, It leaves in the mouth but savor of sweetness already past. And so, if thou're not offended by this my lay, That little rose mouth, bow-bended, open, I pray! And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be, Now blest we'll be.

Recorded and translated by : Charles F. busals

Pracecribed and humanized by

Guiero a mi Papa y no sa brona, Per que en henbra auy formal, Ella me hace deltrar Si a la ventara se acoma Y toma, y toma; Dame en tu pico, palona, Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el nundo entero,

Ay! salero, ven aca.

Boy mas duro que una ceña, Y mi Repu me deshace.

Con la mucca que me hace Y el ojito que se guiña.

Y toma, y toma; Dane en tu pico, palora,

Un granito de su soi. Vales mas que el mundo entere,

Ay! wallero, you ach.

We have our header on Sevilla De mas rango y mas noneo, Wi de tarto zarandeo Como tiene mi Penilla. Y chilla, y chilla: For Dios, mina, no me rihas, Ni me hagas enfadar, Vales mas que el mundo entero,

Ag: salero, ven aca,

I have Pepa and that's no story, For she is a dame of honor,

Sets me wild so gaze upon her At her essessed in her glory.

And take it, yes, <u>toma</u>: Put me up the beak, Palona,

And it's attle salt, a wee! Thou art worth the world's completeness,

Balt of sweetness, come to me!

The harder than the granite And my Pepa has me crambled,
Making mouths to keep me bumbled, And her little link began it.

And take it, yes, toma: Put so up thy beak, Palesa,

And the Attic sult, a mee! Thous are worth the world's completeness,

Balt of ameetness, come to me.

so lovely, lively a frisher As my very same Pepilla.

She's bawling, and barling; Goodness, girl, be done with brawling, And not always disagree! Thou art worth the world's completeness, salt of sweetness, some to be.